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P O E M ON THE HAPPY RETURN OF His ROYAL HIGHNESS FROM SCOTLAND.

IS Royal *James* return'd, and are we dumb?
Display your joy by Sack, Beer, Ale, and Mum;
Let every Street be drunk with Ale or Wine
For joy, to welcome home the Royal Line.
Who can his joy, who can his gladness smother,
When he beholds Great *James*, the King's own Brother?
Guns bid him welcome with a thund'ring noise;
His very presence should beget our Joys:
Trumpets shou'd sweetly sound for his return,
Whilst *Scotland* for his absence now doth mourn,
Bells ring aloud, and shake the very Steeple;
Let mirth and joy come from all sorts of people:
Bonfires burn high, like that in *Leicester-fields*,
For his Return, our joy and triumph yields.
Drums make a noise, Musick of ev'ry sort
Echo from City, Suburbs, Town, and Court.
Scotland receiv'd him gladly, ev'ry tongue
Was ready for to sing a welcome Song.
Shall they lament his absence? shall not we
Cry *Welcome Duke of York and Albany*?
Their sorrow ought to be our great delight,
We have the Sun of joy, they Clouds of night.
None but a factious Brood can now be sorry
At th'appearance of this Son of Glory.
The King and Countrey's Friends will shout for joy,
And cry, *Let JAMES long live, and Viv' le Roy.*
Some of the whining Race will be as sad,
As ev'ry true-bred Protestant is glad.
Those that do hate a King will loath this Prince;
I know 'tis now as it was some years since.
They never will let's see a smiling face,
Till some damn'd Nall usurps the Royal Place.
Wou'd some *Geneva-man* come take the Crown,
And tread the Royal Stemm and Off-spring down:
Wou'd any Canting Cobler take the Throne,
And give them leave to lie, to sigh and groan,
To damn the Common-pray'r and curse the King;
I do not doubt but then this Sect would sing.
Were Angels Kings, I know this factious Brood
Would hate to be in any pleasing mood:
The very name of King they loath and hate,
Witness the Martyrdom at *White-ball-gate*.

But let them pine to see your Highness here;
To ev'ry true-bred Subject you are dear:
We will rejoyce, and let the Kingdom know
The hearty love we to your Highness owe.
Our Trading's dull, our Kingdom is divided,
We are no longer able to abide it.
The Factious Party daily threaten Wars,
And now we hope you will destroy those jars:
If courting will not with this sort prevail,
Then they must quickly hear another Tale;
Their head-strong necks must buckle to the strokes
Of the intreaty of some stubborn Oaks.
Are they grown King-proof? let the Rabble know
The due Allegiance that such Subjects owe.
But stay, my angry Muse, me-thinks I hear,
That some begin to love, and others fear.
I wish that you to us wou'd reconcile,
And make *Great Britain* the most happy Isle.
Wou'd you fear God, honour the Royal Line,
Then you might eat the Fruit of your own Vine;
Your morsel wou'd be sweet, plenty and peace
Wou'd overtake you, and your discords cease.
What! do you itch for Wars? are your Dads rotten,
Or are their cruel bloody Deeds forgotten?
What tumults, rapines, murders, and disorders
Did lately fill our most inhumane Borders?
Read but the Civil Wars, and you will sing,
Welcome great James unto our Sacred King:
Peace be to you, to us, and all the Land,
And may no foe in opposition stand;
May all that strive against the King and Crown,
Like Jezabel, be hurled head-long down.
Thus you wou'd sing and pray with one consent,
And of your past unkindnesses repent;
Forget your malice, faithful Subjects prove,
Then *Charles* and *James* wou'd both receive y' in love.
Like Mouse and Frog the King and Commons' gree,
And the *French* Kite their Discords glad to see:
But as you're fearful to be made a prey,
Know 'tis your interest now to obey.

F I N I S.